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IN A GARDEN.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

She stood there, stately and slender,
Gold hair on her shoulders shed,
Clothed all in white, like the vision
When the living behold the dead.

There, with her lover beside her,
With life and with love she thrived,
What mattered the world's wide sorrow
To her with her joy fulfilled?

How long in the her rose-garden
She waited alone and dumb,
Expecting from the silent country
The soul of the dead would come.

To comfort the living and loving,
With the ghost of a lost love;
And thrill into a quivering vision
The desolate, bleeding night.

Till softly a wind in the distance
Began to blow and blow;
The moon bent nearer and nearer,
And solemn, and sweet, and slow.

Came a wonderful vision of sound
That turned to her voice at last;
Then a soft, soft touch on her forehead
Like the breath of the wind that passed.

Like the breath of the wind that touched him,
This was her voice and soul;
And something that seemed like a shadow
Slipped through his feverish hold.

But the voice had said, "I love you
With my first love and my last;
Then again that wonderful music
And he knew that her soul had passed.

"LA BLONDE MEES."

"Pretty? No; but gentle. Figure to yourself the blonde Mees; and hair, ah! a nymph, undulated, sparkling, golden, magnificent!"

"But not pretty?"

"Well, scarcely, perhaps; but a voice! A little like a silver bell—clear, sympathetic."

"Shall I like 'la blonde Mees'?"

"Like her, yes; love her, no; for she has no fortune."

So far I had heard—overheard; let me avow my dishonorable action. But I was "la blonde Mees," and it was too tempting an opportunity! The window was open; I was outside, lazily enjoying a dreamy siesta in the rose bower, when I heard the murmur of voices. My godmother was talking of me, and the deep, pleasant voice asking so many questions about my insignificant self was no other than my august nephew, the son of her only sister, who had married an Englishman—her favorite, Horace Vernon.

"No fortune, indeed," I repeated, softly, and then, clear as a bell, I struck up the old song:

My fate is my fortune, etc. she said;
My fate is my fortune, etc. she said;
My fate is my fortune, etc. she said;
My fate is my fortune, etc. she said;

Over and over again, with every variety of intonation, I sang the words. Suddenly I ceased. Instinctively I felt he was near the window and meditating a decent search of the singer. Hastily I fled; fear lent wings to my feet; blindly I made a dash at the clipped yew hedge and its labyrinthine paths, when suddenly I stumbled, and should have fallen but for the arms hospitably outstretched to save me. Recovering myself quickly, I drew back with hasty dignity and exclaimed in my best French, "Monsieur!"

"No need," Mademoiselle are you hurt?" he said, imagining to confuse me by a quick look at me, before I could answer, he added, "I am a doctor."

"I am Horace Vernon, and you must be Miss Eugenie Everard. I have been hearing all about you from my aunt."

I bowed and colored vividly. "Yes! 'la blonde Mees'." I could not help retorting with a smile.

"Ah! you overheard us?" he cried with a ludicrous expression of dismay.

Anger and the demons of coquetry prompted me there and then to take off my godmother, and I replied in her voice: "Like her, yes; love her, no; for she has no fortune."

The next moment I felt awkward and confused, for I had realized the meaning of the words. Mr. Vernon laughed.

"Well," he said, "I promise."

"Promise what?"

"To like you."

He offered me a well-shaped, brown hand, into which, after a moment's hesitation, I put my own. The fingers closed over it in a protecting clasp, and I could not but look up gratefully into the handsome sun-burnt face and the touching Greek words A. E. I. on one side, and an impossible monogram of R. D. E. E. in raised filigree work on the other.

Robert is of a saving nature, and has limited our correspondence to three times a week, but he never allows a day to pass without writing, and the budget, when it does come, is a daily journal of his uneventful life. He wished me to follow the same plan, but I am not of regular habits, and have declined to do more than reply to the folios as I receive

them. So much for my side. On the other there's a certain heiress with a very large dot (millions of francs) destined for M. Horace, Bonne-maman particularly impressed this upon me when she told me she expected her nephew at Dinard. I have not long since arrived from England on a six months' visit to Bonne-maman, otherwise La Comtesse Eugenie Reine Marie d'Harcourt, my mother's old school friend, and my godmother. I was but a baby when I lost both my parents. After my father, Col. Everard's, death I lived with my uncle, but misfortune seemed to claim me as her own; my poor aunt died suddenly, and my uncle, broken-hearted, drifted back into an aimless state of bachelorhood. I felt a burden upon him. Eagerly he availed himself of Mme. d'Harcourt's invitation to me, and promptly saw me off to Southampton from whence I was shipped to St. Malo. There I was met by the Countess' man-of-all-work, Jean Pierre, and with him crossed over to Dinard, where Bonne-maman lived in a bright, cheerful white house, with green lawns, standing in an old-fashioned garden, being near the beach and the lovely bay with its glittering sands of sparkling black granite. Mme. d'Harcourt gave me a hearty welcome to Maison Malouine, and Perrine, the comely, black-haired, bright-eyed maid, stared at me approvingly, and admired my traveling garb of English alpaca as much as I did her wonderful lace cuffs, fixed on with gold pins, and her black silk bib apron over her neat stuff gown.

A month had passed rapidly, and I never wavered in my belief in my godmother until this fatal morning, when I experienced the truth of the old adage, and listening had heard no good of myself. I was nothing, absolutely nothing, to Bonne-maman. All her heart was with the young man who had only just arrived from England, with whom she had been discussing me as a stranger. As if I should ever seek to win the affections of an engaged man! Moreover, am I not myself engaged? Shall I tell her and make her quite comfortable? No; I resolve I will not do so, but let her feel, if ever so slightly, uneasy.

Yes, as we are both safe, I will make myself as fascinating as I can. Horace Vernon is to marry Mlle. Berthe de Pontac, and I am to marry the Rev. Robert, so there can be no harm in a little flirtation, and I shall let things take their course.

Things do take their course, and a very pleasant course it is. The days pass quickly, and I have no time to write letters. The Dinard bathing season will soon be at its height. The Parisian world, including Mlle. Berthe de Pontac, will be here—so Bonne-maman tells me; Horace never mentions her, but I often long to ask him about her, but a shy feeling closes my lips. Do I dread that her name should break the spell of happiness cast round my life?

Alas! after some weeks of delightful enjoyment, the spell was broken, and by Bonne-maman.

Horace had fired my imagination by a glowing account of fresh blackberries, the finest, blackest, sweetest that was ever seen. Working upon my enthusiasm, he promised to take me a black-berrying.

The next morning, in high glee, we sallied forth; he armed with a stout-hooked stick, I with a basket. Past a cottage, with a bright-eyed maiden tending her pet lamb in the kitchen, while her mother was sitting at the spinning-wheel in the morning sun. Through lanes so narrow we had to scramble up the steep bank to let the great white horses with the lumbering wagons go by. "Through bushes, through briars," we went and never a blackberry did I see. At last I ventured to remark upon the singular fact of the flowers and buds being still in full bloom. I heard a slight chuckle, and, looking up at my companion's face, saw a mild gleam of fun on it. "Well, you must indeed be a Cockney born, to think of expecting blackberries in August." For a moment I was put out; then, joining in his merriment, I contented myself with the wreath of wild flowers he had gathered. From this merry excursion we returned in high glee and good humor, my basket laden with flowers, my hat decorated with berries and brightly tinted leaves. Bonne-maman, contrary to her usual hospitality, did not ask Horace to stay, and he went off there and then to his hotel. Then, having removed my protector, I was treated to a long lecture on my reckless disregard of the proprieties. Were these English manners, or rather the want of them? This running about the country with young men for untold hours, this liberty, was unheard of in France, and I must, at least while under her roof, conform to French usages; unmarried girls could not be too particular.

Conscience-stricken, I could find no words of excuse. The hot blood dyed my face; unshed tears made my eyes burn. Stopping, I kissed Bonne-maman in silence, and, stepping through the open window into the garden, I wandered away out of sight. Yes; I had been unmanly, immodest, undignified. Dishonorable too, forgetting my plighted troth. If only Bonne-maman and Mr. Vernon knew how they would despise me. Heart sick, I turned away from the garden and sought the solitude of the orchard. There, alone under the shadowy trees, I could think it out. My eyes ached; my head burned; I was humbled to the dust to have failed when I felt so sure of myself. Playing with fire, how could I escape? And never in words had he confessed his love, but by a thousand trifles light as air I felt he loved me. And Bertha? Ah! I

thought bitterly, he may like me but he will marry her. Will he love her? I throw myself on the soft, cold grass, hiding my face with my hands, and trying to shut out the pain, sorrow and the shame, heedless of the time and the passing hours.

Suddenly a hand was placed on mine and I started up. As I did so my chain caught, the links broke and my locket fell open at Horace's feet. Before closing and returning it he said: "May I?" and, looking at the portrait, remarked: "Your father's likeness?"

I shook my head, and, pointing to the pearl ring I wore, said bravely: "No! I am engaged."

"Engaged?" His voice was husky. "Then you have been amusing yourself—flirting to keep your hand in?" And without another word, but with the most hopeless expression I ever saw, he threw the locket down and left me.

I tottered to my feet. I was avenged—he would despise me as a flirt, but he could not accuse me of giving my love unasked, or forcing it upon a man who was not free. If he were engaged, why, so was I. We were quits.

With trembling hands I drew off the fatal ring, and going to my room laid it with the locket and addressed the parcel to the Rev. Robert Duncombe, and straightway wrote and asked for my freedom. I could bear the thrall no more. I must be free. I wrote kindly, feeling dimly the pain I was inflicting; but at all risks I must be free.

Horace was staying at Dinan. The Baroness de Pontac and her daughter had arrived and called on Mme. d'Harcourt. Of course, on Horace's return he would be dancing attendance upon his fiancée.

Robert had written. I was too depressed to feel worried at the tone of his reply, or might have resented his agreeing with me on the desirability of breaking off the engagement. In a postscript he added that he had the promise of the vicarage of Capel-le-Ferne and its £1,500 a year, and I came to the conclusion that his joy at his worldly advancement had taken away the sting from his heart's adversity. I was thankful that it was so. The morning was clear and bright, and a swim in the sea was a tempting remedy to drown dull care, so I strolled down leisurely to the beach. I was late, and when I emerged from my "cabane" found a crowd of gossiping idlers in possession of every chair and available seat. Not a nook or corner but was filled with gay couples, working, chattering, smoking and "triv-ol-ing."

Classically draped in my white wrapper, my hair piled up on high, undis-tinguished by the oilskin cap the French- ladies affected, I hurriedly walked through the criticizing audience, and, leaving my mantle in Perrine's care, was soon disporting myself in the crisp, sunny waves. After a longer swim than usual I waded out a dripping Niobe. I looked for Perrine and my wrapper—in vain; she was nowhere to be seen. After a momentary hesitation I prepared to run the gauntlet of the assembled multitude and make a quick rush at my sheltering cabane.

With a sudden inspiration, I loosened my long hair and let its shining, golden glory fall around my costume, thereby trying to feel a little less abject, and so made my way through the "mob," as I spitefully called the loungers surrounding the cabanes. With a ludicrous sense of humiliation and flaming cheeks, I saw Horace in lively conversation with a Parisian elegant, exactly in front of my haven of refuge. I made a frantic dart at the canvas door, to be greeted with the sight of an unmistakable pair of manly boots. I turned and fled—oh, misery! in my confusion I had forgotten the number. I must pass them, vaguely wondering if beach etiquette expected me to acknowledge Horace. I prepared for another dash—when a lady obligingly pointed out a canvas tent with a polite "c'est la, mademoiselle," and rushed to hide my blushes under the friendly canvas. On my return, Bonne-maman told me she expected the Baroness de Pontac and her daughter and Horace.

Although I was brokenhearted, vanity was not dead; I determined to look my best. I gathered my hair in a knot, and placed among the wavy fringe of curls some gorgeous crimson tinnias. I half feared a rebuke from Bonne-maman as to being over-dressed—so slipped on a black silk gown, wherein I had artfully inserted a white lace tucker and shiny jet-embroidered ruffles; another cluster of scarlet tinnias and black mittens finished off the severe and unbecoming costume, in which I entered the room prepared to make the acquaintance of the hateful de Pontacs.

Mlle. Berthe only was there, arrayed in fashionable attire, and I was scarcely surprised to recognize in her Horace's lively companion of the morning. Horace behaved beautifully in Bonne-maman's eyes. After greeting me coldly, he overlooked my insignificant presence, lost in the overpowering brilliancy of sparkling and amusing Berthe. She absorbed him entirely. They were making arrangements for a trip to Mont St. Michel, where he and I had talked of going. How wretched I felt, how wild with the scraps I heard: "Train from St. Malo—carriage at Dol, on to the Hoplice." I must make a diversion, and somewhat abruptly asked Mlle. de Pontac to play or sing. In vain Bonne-maman objected that it was getting dusk, and she did not want lights, as it rested her eyes. Mlle. Berthe, gracefully shaking out her puffs and laces, sweetly observed that she would play for Mme. d'Harcourt, and sing for mademoiselle.

She rattled through a noisy and brilliant piece, and then her voice, sharp and metallic, filled the air: "Si vous n'avez rien a me dire." She was singing it at Horace, who, apparently buried in thought, was sitting near her. I wondered if he remembered it as one of the songs I had often sung to him. Bonne-maman coughed and fidgeted and shivered; Mlle. Berthe bravely sang on, sometimes flat, sometimes sharp, finishing up at last on a note that jarred every nerve and fiber.

Horace was profuse in thanks, and I, too, thanked her, and added immediately: "Shall I sing you a little English ballad?" Bonne-maman interrupted me to order the lamp, but I maliciously remarked that I would sing a twilight song first. I could not resist my anticipated triumph. Straight from my heart the words rang out, "In the Gloaming," and, vibrating strangely through the dusk came the farewell to my love, mine no longer: "Best for you and best for me."

I must have sung better than usual, from the deep silence paid as tribute to my talent, and, under cover of the darkness I rose, and, stealing silently to the door, sought the friendly night wherein to hide my sorrow. Perrine met me with the lamp, and, leaving the hateful light and the happy circle, I turned away to the garden.

Hurriedly I went past the clipped yew hedge, to the stone seat, on which I sank, and, burying my face in my hands, burst into passionate tears. I was young, and this, my first sorrow, seemed too great a burden. I heard footsteps, and, shrinking back into the shadow of the hedge, waited breathlessly. They were passing, when the treacherous moon shone out and bathed me in a flood of silvery light. A hand was kindly laid upon my head. There, in all the glory of his six-foot stature, in the whitest of his moonlight, stood Horace, looking down with kind and pitying eyes upon the tear-stained face uplifted to him; and in the winning voice of old I heard my name.

"Eugenie, what is it?"

"Nothing," I murmured.

He bent to hear my trembling answer.

"Nothing that I can do?"

"Nothing that I can undo," I replied.

Lower and lower he bent, and nearer and nearer, in dangerous proximity, had it not been for Berthe. Her shadow was between us. Tenderly taking my cold hands in his, he stroked them gently. Suddenly he gave a start.

"Where is it?" and he passed his fingers lightly over mine.

"It?" I inquired.

"Your ring. You should wear it always, or a fellow may be tempted to forget himself."

"And you," I replied, "you too, should wear a ring. French husbands do, and you should do in Rome as the Romans do."

"But I am only half French," he laughed, and I might marry an English girl; then I need not wear a ring."

"Berthe de Pontac is very French," I returned.

"Mlle. de Pontac! Eugenie, I am too proud to marry a woman with money."

"And too poor to marry one without," I sadly retorted.

The words slipped out, and before I could cough them down I was in his arms and smothered with kisses. Ere I could realize my happiness a discreet cough sounded from the path, and we started apart to see Perrine slowly advancing.

"How touching of her to warn us," said Horace. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind; she's setting her cap at Berthe."

"Her cap!" I laughed merrily; "and such a cap!"

Monsieur was wanted to escort Mlle. Berthe, and Madame wanted mademoiselle.

I could not see Bonne-maman. I trembled guiltily at the thought. With a whispered "Till to-morrow," we parted—Horace to convey Mlle. Berthe to her lordly chateau, I through the kitchen to my bower. Thastily undressed and sought my couch. Half an hour later, when Bonne-maman softly entered on tip-toe, I pretended to be asleep. Even then I feared she must read my secret on my face. She turned away with a little sigh, and I felt a terrible humbug. My intense happiness frightened me, and in vain I tried to sleep. At last, toward morning, I fell into a doze, from which I awoke with a feeling of coming evil.

The feeling was verified. The next morning Bonne-maman was too ill to rise. I sat near her, and after awhile she murmured in a feeble voice: "Eugenie, my child, I should like you to stay with me; always, if your people will not object. When Horace is married I shall be very lonely. Will you stay, dear, until you, too, marry and leave the old woman?"

The blood flamed in my cheek; I stooped and kissed her fondly.

"I will not leave you, Bonne-maman, unless—unless you send me away."

While I was speaking the doctor came. Alas, my dreaded forebodings were realized! Bonne-maman was indeed ill, stricken with typhus fever. And so my dream ended. I looked my last upon Horace. He was obliged to leave for England, and the doctor was to telegraph him bulletins of Mme. d'Harcourt's health. In vain he urged me to let the Sister of Charity take my place beside her. I was firm. A duty was before me—clear and distinct. I was needed by the kind old lady who had befriended me and offered me a home. True to the old friend, if it must

be, I must risk losing the young friend, the more than friend. I do not deny that it was a struggle between duty and inclination, but she needed me, and he—well, "he loved and he rode away."

Days grew into weeks, weeks lengthened into months; Bonne-maman varied, now better, now worse. At last my patience was crowned with success; my love won her back from the arms of death.

She snatched her life to my nursing. The yellow flag was still flying, and we were not out of quarantine when Perrine, with her face shining like a beneficent sunbeam, importantly announced "a visit."

It was a bright spring morning, and, as the visitor was in the sitting room, I decided upon holding a parley from the garden, thus averting any danger from lingering infection. Throwing a scarf around my head, I stood before the closed window and tapped lightly; instantly it flew open and I was clasped in the arms of my stalwart lover.

He laughed my fear of infection to scorn, suggested a warmer climate for Bonne-maman, a month or two at Cannes—and, as I also needed a thorough rest, he proposed changing Miss Eugenie Everard into Mrs. Horace Vernon.

I think Perrine must have put Bonne-maman up to a thing or two. She was not surprised to hear the news, and I was considerably relieved to find her own "she was glad her one darling was to marry her other darling."—The Argosy.

Odd Facts About Pigeons.

In the pigeon case in the Central Park Museum are some of the bones of that extinct and much maligned bird, the dodo, the giant of pigeons, being the only specimen in the country. Two hundred and fifty years ago they were found in the Mauritius islands in great quantities. It was a curious bird, as large as a swan. The bill in the case is not un-pigeonlike, though 100 times the size of its modern representative. They were sluggish birds, unable to fly, and laid a single egg about the size of a turkey's. Another queer pigeon that lived at that time, and which is now extinct, is the solitaire. It was found on the island of Rodriguez. It was larger than a turkey, and in general respects resembled the dodo. Another was the Nasarene, that was twice as large as the dodo. But the most remarkable was the didunculus, a living relative, and closely allied to the dodo. The bird was rather larger than our common partridge, and possessed the curious naked skin surrounding the eyes which characterized its ancestor.

One of the finest of the thirty or more different species of pigeons is the oceanic fruit bird of the Polynesian islands. There they are found in thousands, feeding on nutmegs. They become very fat, and the fat, which has a strong flavor of the nutmeg, is considered a great dainty by many. It is said that they grow so fat that when shot they fall on the ground and are shattered to pieces by the fall. Not only are they valuable as a means of subsistence, but they seem to have been appointed to help carry out one of the great laws of nature. It is a well-known fact that the nutmeg has to pass through some chemical process before it will grow, and in the stomach of these birds the nutmeg is prepared for reproduction.

The question how carrier-pigeons find their way home is probably one never to be determined. Some writers assert that the birds are guided by landmarks, and give as proof that, when the ground is covered with snow, the birds are confused, and others say that they are influenced by some magnetic or electric current, and on this point it is noticed that birds either fly east or west, north or south, and when started rise at a great height, and for a minute hesitate, and then by unknown instinct they dart off in the right direction. The exact date of their utilization is not known, but, as far as we know, Noah had the honor of having first pressed into service our feathered friends. Pliny says that these birds were used by Brutus and Hirtius during the siege of a town by Laryd Antony. In 1764, at the siege of Leyden, they were used by the Prince of Orange, and by their means he succeeded in freeing a town that was besieged. To show his gratitude he ordered that the sagacious birds should be fed on strawberries, and when dead that they should be embalmed with all honor. In Pliny's time navigators from Cyprus and Egypt carried these birds on their galleys, and on their safe arrival liberated them to convey the good news to their families.—New York Sun.

Good Humor.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or show more cruelty than to choose any kind of influence before that of kindness and good humor.

He that regards the welfare of others should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than those that admire his excellencies or solicit his favors; for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end and retires.

A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.—Samuel Johnson.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Professor Butcher, lecturing at Glasgow, has called attention to the adaptability of the oxyhydrogen light for general use. The illumination is very brilliant and beautiful, the gases may be stored and delivered in the same manner as coal-gas, and he believes that the system may be made economical by using wind or water power to produce the gases.

In view of the ravages of the phylloxera, which have so seriously interfered with vine growing, a French agriculturist has sought to discover a substitute for the vine, and is said to have obtained very good results with a variety of red beet. This beet yields a wine which is said to be equal to many of Southern growth, and the plant has the advantage of being adapted to all soils and climates.

Several interesting archaeological "finds" in Europe are reported. Near Caltanissetta, Sicily, several caverns have been found, which are evidently burial places dating from the period when the ancient Sicilians had already been ousted by the Italian tribes, but before the Greek colonization had begun. At Nordrup, Denmark, the remains of seven human bodies have been found under a few feet of pumice stone, numerous bronze objects, gold rings, Roman glasses, mosaics, glass beads, etc., being also discovered among the remains.

Astronomical knowledge of the remarkable ring of small planets traveling between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter commenced with the first day of the present century, when Piazzi discovered the first of these objects, which he named Ceres. Other discoveries followed at irregular intervals until, in 1845, the number of these small planets—or asteroids, as they are usually called—was increased to five. Since that year the list has extended very rapidly, and 220 have now been discovered. No estimate can be found of the total number of the asteroids. They are very small, and Severier has computed that their combined mass is probably less than one-fourth of the earth's mass. From the size of Vesta, which is estimated to be 319 miles in diameter, they dwindle to an unknown minuteness. Herr Hornstein has communicated to the Vienna Academy the result of recent researches, which appear to prove that the number of asteroids, with a diameter of over twenty-five miles, is very small, and that probably all such were discovered before 1859. The number with a diameter less than five miles seems also to be very small, at least in the inner parts of the asteroid zone next Mars; in the outer region next Jupiter there may be a more considerable number of these very small bodies. Most asteroids seem to have diameters between five and fifteen miles. The average number with a diameter of five to ten miles, discovered during the last twenty years, is about three each year; the yearly number of ten to fifteen miles diameter is about one and three-fifths. Herr Hornstein believes, therefore, that unless much more powerful telescopes are used future discoveries will be chiefly confined to those measuring five to fifteen miles in diameter.

How Maine Girls Work.

A young lady writing from Temple Mills, Maine, to the Cincinnati Farming World, is evidently preparing herself to support some young man who is constitutionally opposed to physical exertion. She says: "My father owns a large farm and a nice lot of cattle and sheep and I and my sister were born on this large farm and always have lived here, and of course we think there is no place like home, but we can play on the piano or organ as well as the next one. I play in two churches in this town every Sunday, unless it is too rainy to have a meeting. I can spin yarn (not street yarn), for I don't take any stock in them, but real woolen yarn. Two years ago this summer I spun sixty-four and one-half pounds of wool and made one hundred and nine yards of cloth all for ourselves. I can harness our horse and take a drive when I like, and I and my sister can yoke the oxen or anyone when there is need of it; have done so several times this winter, and I and my sister have done all the chores a great many times this winter when father was away, and we can do all kinds of fancy work as well as the next one. Now mother and I and sister take all the care of a large garden after it is plowed and we get premiums on our vegetables. I am twenty-one and my sister is nineteen years old."

Sanitary Item.

"You are looking bad," remarked Snowberger to Colonel Percy Yenger.

"What's the matter?"

"The doctor says my lungs are affected and that I must not take more than three drinks a day."

"I would try some other doctor."

"I did, and he said the same thing."

"Well, then, if each one of them said you could take three drinks a day, that makes six drinks."

"I never thought of that before. I'll see the rest of the doctors in Austin, and if they all say I can take three drinks a day, that will make about sixty drinks a day, and that is as much as is good for an invalid."—Texas Siftings.

"Pictorial conundrum," is a game which requires no apparatus but a pencil and a slip of paper. The first player draws a picture and folds the slip so as to hide it. The second writes a guess as to what the picture is; the third does the same, and when all have written the list is read aloud.

South Kentuckian.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM, EDITOR.

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The Difference between the Sacrifice and Atonement.

Since sin has entered into the world, which has produced such a chasm between a holy and a righteous God, and his sinful creatures, there cannot be presented a subject that ought to solicit the attention of mankind quicker, than the way of acceptance with God. This subject ought to be well studied, well defined, and founded upon the eternal truth, so that rebellious and sinful man, may have a sure foundation on which his hope of acceptance with God may rest.

The subject assigned me, by you my brother, will lead me, to discuss this very topic; for if we with certainty discover what will blot out our transgressions, and cleanse us from our sins, and reconcile us to God, we have the panacea, the restorative, the most important thing needed by man in his fallen condition.

The question what is the difference between the sacrifice and the atonement of Christ, is not a mere speculative, philosophical, and abstract theme, but is one of great importance; the unimpairedness to their respective claims by the theological writers and commentators, has produced no little discord among the professed disciples of our blessed Lord. It has produced many schisms and strifes. Certainly it is the father of Fatalism, on one side, and Arminianism on the other—while Universalism with its broad wings comes forward and over spreads them both, by criticising their interpretation, and by chiding them for their unfairness and one-sidedness in selecting only such passages as suit their respective theories.

Hence, I feel the great responsibility and the burden of the task before me, especially as I have to travel an unbroken path, a path overgrown by many theories, some of which are so long standing that they are hard to be uprooted and obliterated from the minds of men, and in view of this fact I can consider the subject a very perplexing and troublesome one, hard to be handled to make it intelligent to all that may hear.

The Sacrifice and atonement are so closely interwoven—like the Sun and his rays—the one exists where the other is that it takes much caution, watchfulness, discretion to handle it properly, else we will get it entangled that it will take the wisdom of the sage to assign to each its proper place in the place of salvation.

But as Napoleon the first, permitted not the Alps to be in his way to execute his design and to accomplish his object, although barriers and discouragements were found in his way, yet, he scaled them, overriding all obstacles until victory and success crowned his efforts, and he became a pattern for indomitable courage and unflinching perseverance to all rising generations; even so, I will try, with the help of God to plough the waves of the theological dispute, and dive deep into the troubled waters of the mysterious subject, "peradventure I may find the pearl, and thus be enabled to cast in my net to help to settle this mooted question, which has so long divided the religious world.

In the first place I will search for a key that may unlock the problem; and whether I go to find it? Not to the various books written, on the atonement of Christ, for they are so diversified and unmatched, that of necessity each has a key of its own, but none will unlock the secret of the question, but I will go to the infallible words of God which the Apostle Paul calls the tutor to bring us to Christ. In the X Chapter I verse in Hebrew, he informs us that "the law having a shadow of good things to come." That is to say that the ceremonial law gives us a representation of something true and substantial, although only a shadow, yet, we may find in it some glimmering light, which may direct us in a channel to learn the true relationship of the Sacrifice and atonement of Christ in the plan of salvation.

We have seen before now photographs, which were so well taken that we recognized the persons represented by them at the very first sight; may we not, likewise expect to succeed in finding the substance by the picture which the Lord himself has drawn of the sacrifice and atonement of Christ? The picture which the Lord draws is perfect; none can doubt it. Now in the ceremonial law we find pictures, types, emblems, and shadows of heavenly and divine things, of which we read in Col. I: 17, where it is said that they are "a shadow of the things to come, but the body is Christ." Some of these we will examine to see if they will not bear some resemblance to the subject under discussion, and thereby be enabled to give a proper answer to the question propounded.

Under the old dispensation there was a divine enactment, binding on the Jewish nation, that every year, on the day of atonement there shall be a solemn Sabbath, a day of national humiliation, on which occasion only the High Priest was permitted to enter into the Holy of Holies. This day under the law pictures before us some grand outlines, indicators of what we may expect that Christ's sacrifice and atonement may accomplish. The High Priest having bathed his person and dressed himself entirely in the holy white garment, brings forward a young bullock for a sin offering, and a ram for a burnt offering, which he purchased at his own cost, as a sacrifice and atonement for himself and family—likewise two young goats for a sin offering with a ram for a burnt offering, purchased out of the public treasure, as a sacrifice and atonement for the people.

Now in paying strict attention to the rules in which this day was observed—the manner of offering the victims—the place where, and the substance with which the atonement was made, we may obtain sufficient light to unravel the problem.

Turn to the XVI. Chap. of Lev. and you will find a description of the manner in which the day of Atonement was observed under the law, while the tabernacle or temple was yet standing. Commencing with the 11 verse, we read: "And Aaron shall bring near the bullock of sin-offering, which is for himself, and he shall make an atonement for himself and for his house, and he shall kill the bullock of the sin offering which is for himself." From this passage we learn that the priest was to make an atonement for himself and house, before he was ready to make one for the people—but it leaves us yet in the dark in regard to when, where and how this atonement is to be made; the bullock is to be killed, but is the killing of the victim the atonement, or is it only a preparation necessary to make it?

In reading a little further, we discover what is wanting in the passage (12-16) "And he shall take a censer full of burning coal of fire from the altar before the Lord, and both his hands full of incense upon the fire, before the Lord; and bring it within the veil; and he shall put the incense upon the fire before the Lord; that the cloud of incense may envelope the mercy seat that is upon the testimony that he did not. And he shall take the blood of the bullock, and sprinkle it with his finger above towards the mercy seat, eastward; and before the mercy seat shall he sprinkle seven times of the blood with his finger, and he shall kill the goat of sin-offering that is for the people, and bring his blood within the veil, and do with that blood as he did with the blood of the bullock, and sprinkle it above the mercy seat, and before the mercy seat, and he shall make an atonement &c." In these verses we have all the light necessary to discover the grand difference between the sacrifice and the atonement. First the High Priest was to kill the young bullock for himself, and the goat for the people, but the blood of these animals, slain as sacrifices, was brought, within the Holy of Holies, and sprinkled before and upon the mercy seat as atonement. Here we have the substance that makes the atonement, the blood of the victims, where it is to be made, within the Holy of Holies, and the manner in which it is to be done, "the blood is to be sprinkled seven times, amidst the burning incense and curling smoke from the golden censer in Aaron's hand."

The atonement then, under the shadow, was not made when the bullock and goat were offered and killed, or even when they were burnt without the camp—this is called the Sacrifice—an offering made to God and consumed by fire—but it was made within the veil when their blood was sprinkled by the High Priest before and upon the mercy seat. Hence we read in Heb. XIII 11, 12: "The bodies of those beasts, whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the High Priest for sin, are burned without the camp—wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."

Not the red heifer, nor the general sin offering, but the bullock and the goat on the day of atonement, were in a peculiar manner typical of Christ's sacrifice and atonement, their bodies being burnt without the camp, and their blood brought into the most Holy place by the High Priest for sin; even so Christ suffered without the gate as a sacrifice, when he died on the cross, but carried his blood as an atonement within the Holy place not made with hands. (See Heb. IX, 11, 12.)

But if any one is yet unable to discover that the slaying of the victims is not the atonement, but the sprinkling of their blood, within the Most Holy place, let us read the 17th verse: "There shall not be any man in the tabernacle of the congregation when he goeth in to make an atonement in the Holy place, until he come out." What a lesson we may learn from this!

All places in the tabernacle, or temple, were cleared when the High Priest went in to make an atonement for the people. Not only did he make it within the veil, but made it alone. "No partnership." So Christ makes the atonement alone, he purged our sins alone, none to help him. He died in the presence of a multitude, but entered Heaven alone.

The picture is exact, in as much as all were prohibited to be in the tabernacle, even the common priests, while the High Priest made an atonement within the veil. In order to teach them that they cannot assist; even so, we cannot assist Christ, we cannot join anything with the blood of Christ offered by himself in Heaven as a reason of our acceptance with God, or as a cause of pardon or justification before Jehovah. Hence we read in Lev. XVII: "The life of the flesh is in the blood, and I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls; for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul."

But before we dismiss this part of the subject, let me cite you to another feature of the picture which teaches the same truth. While the goat of the Lord was killed and his blood brought within the veil; the Scape goat was presented alive before the Lord; and the High Priest put both hands upon his head and confessed "over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat and sent him away in the wilderness to bear the sins of the people, and to make an atonement for them." The live goat then, as well as the blood of

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Christian Circuit Court.

J. M. Clark and Harriet Clark, his wife, Ex parte. This day came the plaintiffs by attorney and filed in the office of the Clerk, of the Christian Circuit Court, their petition herein praying the court that Harriet Clark wife of J. M. Clark, be empowered to use, enjoy, sell and convey for her own benefit any property which she may have or acquire free from the claims or debts of her husband, J. M. Clark, to make contracts, etc and be sued as a FEME SOLE, and to dispose of her property by will or deed. It is therefore ordered that notice of the filing of said petition with the object thereof be published in the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN, a newspaper published in Hopkinsville, Ky., for the length of time prescribed by law. Given under my hand as Clerk of said Court this 22nd day of May 1882.

A Copy Attest B. T. UNDERWOOD, Clerk. C. H. BURN, Attorney.

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The slain goat, makes an atonement. The picture is complete, for we need a living Redeemer, one, who not only suffered in our place, but who rose again and ascended to the Father's Intercede for us. He must live, in order to act the priest in carrying his own blood into Heaven to make the atonement. Hence we read in Heb. IX:11-14: "Christ having come a High-priest of the good things to come, through the greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say not of this creation, nor yet through the blood of goats and calves, but through his own blood entered in once for all into the Holy place, having obtained eternal redemption."

Thus we see that the Holy place is typical of Heaven. Aaron, the High-priest typical of Christ, the blood of the goat slain, and the Scape goat that made atonement under the law, is typical of the blood of Christ, and his carrying it into Heaven to make an atonement.

How little ground there is for any one to look for Christ's blood in the baptismal waters, or any where else, save in Heaven, where he ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Christ's death would not have availed us much, had he not risen from the dead, and ascended up into Heaven to complete his work, so more than the killing of the goat without the blood being brought within the veil, and the live goat sent away to make the atonement for Israel. The penalty must be rendered to the law, while satisfaction to the lawgiver and Judge. The victims were slain to meet the penalty of a violated law, while the blood was sprinkled as a covering or atonement for the criminal before the Judge, with the burning incense or intercession of the High-priest for a discharge. Hence we learn that Christ "was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification."

Yes, although God is of purer eyes than to behold evil, nor shall evil dwell with him; yet when he sees Christ as the atonement for his people, of his own blood as a covering before his throne, to hide their sins, he is propitious, hence says the Psalmist: (32:1) "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered."

In conclusion on this part of the subject, permit me to say that the word atonement, under the law, was only attached to such sacrifices where blood was sprinkled, thereby forbidding the great sacrifice made for a ruined world, and the only atonement or covering from God's wrath by the death and resurrection of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

In the second place there is a difference in their effect. The death or sacrifice of Christ effects all the posterity of Adam, while the Atonement is beneficial only to such as exercise an abiding confidence in Christ as their Redeemer. This is very essential to keep before the mind in order to reconcile those seeming contradictions on the subject in the Bible. All who overlook this distinction, find themselves oftentimes much perplexed, in trying to harmonize various passages of Scripture on the subject—for example: Rev. Mr. T. C. Hie, the great expository writer, makes the following comments on the language of John the Baptist when he says: "Behold the lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Let it be noted that the singular number is used here. It is the sin of the sinners. The expression seems to me purposely intended to show that Christ took away and bore on the cross, was not the sin of a certain people only, but the whole accumulated mass of all the sins of all the children of Adam. He bore the weight of all, and made atonement sufficient to make satisfaction for all. He made an atonement sufficient for all, and that all are saved, though not all saved in consequence of his death. This to me seems contradictory, and I am sorry to say that this is a point of handling the subject, is adopted by not a few of some of our best men, surely without due consideration, or without weighing carefully by the ideas which their words convey—for Mr. Hie, and all others who have adopted his manner of reasoning on this passage, have fallen into a sad mistake, according to my view of the teaching of the Scriptures, for how can it be said that Christ made an atonement for all, or that He took away the whole accumulated mass of all the sins of all the children of Adam, and yet are only in a salvable state? Sins taken away and yet are chargeable upon those for whom the atonement was made.

This is an atonement, which is not an atonement, because it affords no security to the person for whom it was made—the guilt of sin taken away, and yet, liable to be charged again upon the sinner—an act of indemnity passed in favor of the sinner, while everlasting punishment is still hanging over his head.

Is this the meaning of the word atonement? A salvable state? Is there a proviso, a contingency implied in the word? We know that the word is derived from the Hebrew word *Copher* which signifies to cover and which is rendered in the Septuagint by a word *stomach* properly translated propitiation. There is no doubt expressed wherever this word is found.

The poor Jew who transgressed the law of God, offered his sacrifice, and the priest killed it, and took the blood of the victim and made an atonement for the transgressor, in consequence of which he was acquitted, the penalty was not executed upon him. Now if this was the effect of an atonement under the law, who will say that this effect does not follow the atonement made by Christ? Will you say that the blood of Christ, the anti type of all the bloody sacri-

fices under the law, covers, washes, or cleanses man from sin so imperfectly as yet to expose him to the wrath of a sin-avenging God? But will you answer me, that the blood is not yet applied? The moment you do this, you surrender the point in controversy, for that would, at once, set aside the dogma that the atonement was made on the cross, or for all the children of Adam.

But applied to what? Not to the sinner, for under the type when an atonement was made, the blood was never applied to the sinner, but to the law in order to wipe out the charges against the sinner before God, "upon and before the mercy seat," and whenever an atonement was made, the work was not only half done, but was complete, the charges were blotted out and the law satisfied. Hence, under the law, an atonement produced invariably a specific result, and shall we refuse to accept the substitution by the shadow—the reality, by the type, and the actual thing by the pattern? A General Atonement is impossible in the very nature of the case, for it would make a general covering or blotting out of sin, which certainly is contradictory to the teachings of the Scripture.

Now if we keep in mind the difference between the sacrifice or death of Christ, and the atonement made by him, these seeming contradictions would soon disappear—for the sin to which John the Baptist refers is certainly man's original sin, the sin of Adam transmitted to us—This, carried away by the lamb of God, none of Adam's posterity will be damned on account of it, therefore, all children dying before they reach the years of accountability are saved without repentance, their nature being renewed by the spirit without the means of the word, for by virtue of Christ's death, they gain all they have lost in Adam. But those who had actual sins, sins committed by themselves, need an atonement, their sins must be covered or blotted out or else they can't be saved.

Under the law the convicted sinner brought a sacrifice to the priest that the priest may make an atonement for him—not any sacrifice, but one specified by God in the law. The sinner confessed his sins, offered the sacrifice appointed by God, but the priest made the atonement for him—even so must the penitent sinner under the gospel dispensation bring his sacrifice, or, in other words, accept the one God has appointed, and trust in it, and then, the High-priest is ready to make the atonement, blotting out all the charges made by a broken law, against him. Thus the atonement is so special, as to be made for individuals, individually.

Say not that this makes God a respecter of persons, a partial Judge, because it is not a general or unlimited atonement, because the same might have been said under the law, when the Jews refused to bring the sacrifice, or neglected to bring the appointed one and have the priest to make an atonement for him. No atonement for him? he does not want it, although he needs it, yet, not bringing the appointed sacrifice, no atonement is made for him.

Even so, when the impenitent sinner refuses to accept the appointed sacrifice, which is Christ, by the grace of God, an atonement is made for him not that he does not need it, but—through the blindness of his heart, does not want it. There is no partiality in the place of salvation, and yet there is a limited atonement, and if lost, there is none to blame but self.

The overlooking of this important difference between the sacrifice and atonement of Christ, has produced no small schism amongst professed followers of Christ. Some have collected all such passages which clearly set forth a limited atonement, while very little attention was given to those which teach a universal sacrifice—while others have gone to the other extreme, and made it a general atonement, ignoring those pointed passages which absolutely teach a limited atonement, and thereby making an atonement at all, while a third party steps forward and declares that both are mistaken, for Christ's death and sufferings were designed for all, and is also made efficacious for all, and so all are saved. How many have lately fallen by this delusive dogma, and I affirm that this all on account of a partial reading, and not making the distinction brought forth in this essay. Enough has been said, I will now submit my scattering remarks to your secretary.

Respectfully yours,
LEWIS M. SALIN.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

205 visitors have been assigned homes.

113 messengers were enrolled yesterday.

Coley Slaughter and Edwin Thomas are acting as pages.

A large portion of our space is given to the essay of Dr. L. H. Salin.

Dr. S. L. Helm is the only member who was present at the organization of the association in 1837.

Rev. N. G. Terry will preach at the Methodist church to-night. There will also be preaching at the Baptist church.

Dr. W. M. Pratt preached at the Baptist church, Dr. B. Manly at the Christian church and Rev. J. M. Poy at the Colored Baptist church last night.

The ladies of Hopkinsville are cordially invited to be present in the basement of the Baptist church this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Two lady missionaries, who will soon sail for China, will address the meeting.

KENTUCKY BAPTISTS.

Second Day's Doings.

WEDNESDAY MAY 24TH.

The Ministers' meeting reassembled pursuant to adjournment, at 8:30 o'clock a. m., the Moderator Rev. W. M. Pratt in the chair.

After the song "He leadeth me," prayer was offered by Eld. R. W. Morehead.

The chair reported the following committees:

On themes, J. P. Greene, R. W. Morehead and Sam'l Baker.

On nominations: J. S. Coleman, V. E. Kitley and S. P. Forgy.

On obituaries: J. M. Weaver, E. N. Dickens and J. M. Feay.

Essay, "Modern dancing and the importance of uniformity in sentiment and teaching among our pastors in regard thereto," by Rev. S. M. Weaver. Discussed by Elds. A. C. Caperton, S. L. Helm, J. H. Fullilove, L. H. Salin, J. C. Coleman, T. T. Eaton, Thos. Wadlington, W. M. Gardner, F. Nacy, D. Dowden and J. B. Solomon and subject dismissed.

Adjourned at 10 o'clock till 8 o'clock Thursday morning.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

The General Association of Kentucky Baptists, was called to order in the Baptist church at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, May 24, the Moderator, Rev. Green Clay Smith presiding. Hymn "I need the every hour." Chapter read and prayer offered by Dr. S. L. Helm.

The chair appointed W. B. Arvin, J. H. Fullilove, and J. J. Holt as a committee on credentials.

Election of officers then began and the following nominations were made. For Moderator, Rev. Green Clay Smith; For Assistant Moderators, Rev. J. A. Kirtley, S. E. Trice, T. C. Bell, Rev. G. F. Bagby, Dr. S. L. Helm and Col. Thos. Rodman. For Secretary, B. W. D. Seeley. For Assistant Secretary, Prof. J. O. Ferrell. The following officers were elected on the first ballot: Moderator, Rev. Green Clay Smith. Asst. Moderators, S. E. Trice, and Thos. Rodman. Secretary, B. W. D. Seeley. Asst. Secretary, Prof. J. O. Ferrell.

While the tellers were counting the votes, the time was occupied in devotional exercises conducted by W. W. Gardner, Eld. J. S. Coleman asked all members who met with the body in 1856 to rise and four arose—Revs. R. L. Thurmond, A. W. Meacham, D. Dowden and Bro. W. N. Mason. At this stage the officers elected were reported and business was resumed.

The Moderator elect made a short speech appropriate to the occasion, upon taking the chair for the present session.

Dr. T. G. Keen then delivered an address of welcome which was responded to by the Moderator.

A resolution was passed dividing the time fairly for the discussion of the various topics to be considered. Adjourned at 12 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Moderator called the Association to order at 2 o'clock.

Prayer by Dr. A. D. Sears.

The Moderator appointed the usual committees to report during the session.

A committee was also appointed to prepare a statistical table, etc.

Dr. J. W. Warder, corresponding Secretary, read the report of the State Mission Board.

Mt. Sterling was selected as the place for the next meeting of the body.

After the discussion of several resolutions, the Association adjourned until 8 o'clock P. M.

Prayer by Rev. G. F. Bagby.

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